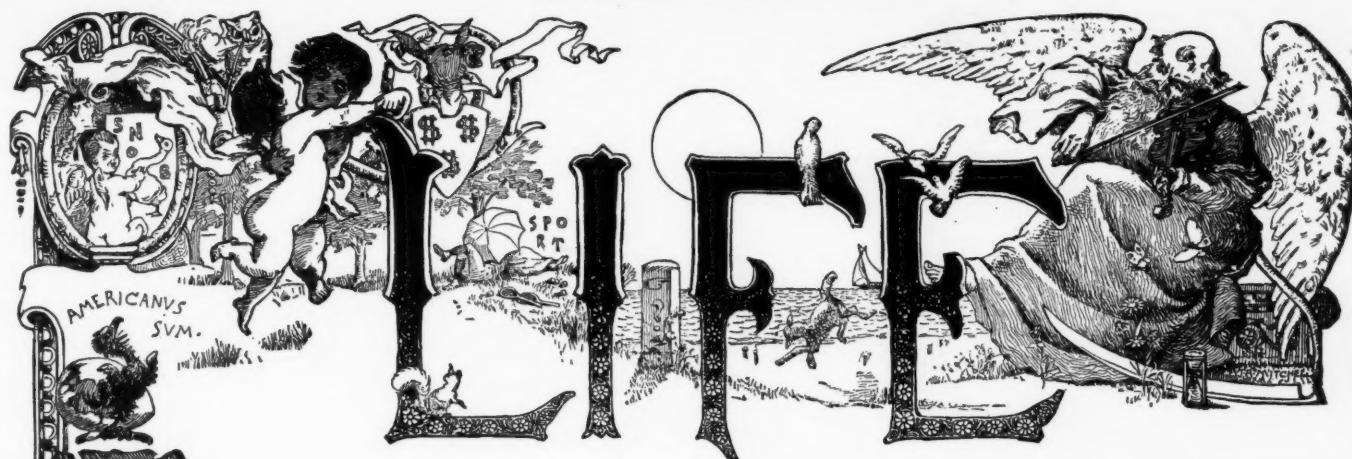


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AMERICANVS
SYM.

ISSUED
EVERY
THURSDAY
Ten Cents
a Copy.

SOCIE
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LITERA
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POLI
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USTREA
SURY.

PR
JAM
A.



MODIFIED CONVICTIONS.

"I THINK I WILL HAVE A SPECIAL BICYCLE SERMON NEXT SUNDAY."

"WHY, ONLY A FEW SUNDAYS AGO YOU PREACHED A SERMON DENOUNCING THE WHEEL."

"YES, BUT SINCE THEN NEARLY EVERY ONE IN THE PARISH HAS BOUGHT ONE."

• LIFE •



The Colt Memorial Cup. L. Y. C. 1895.

Designed
and Made by
Whiting M'f'g Co.

Solid Silver

(Exclusively.)



WHITING M'F'G Co.

Silversmiths,

Broadway & 18th St.,

NEW YORK.

RECENT DEVELOPMENTS CONCERNING ARTICLES STAMPED
STERLING

SERVE TO EMPHASIZE THE IMPORTANCE OF OBSERVING THE
MAKER'S MARK.

WE MAKE SOLID SILVER ONLY,
OF STERLING QUALITY ⁹⁹⁹/₁₀₀₀ FINE,
EVERY ARTICLE BEARING OUR
TRADE-MARK:

THEREFORE PURCHASERS SECURE
ENTIRE FREEDOM FROM FALSE IMPRESSIONS.

Rollicking Childhood.

It is surely your dearest
wish to see your children
strong and happy with
sparkling eyes and lively,
sturdy limbs.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S
Malt-Nutrine
TRADE MARK



is the ideal tonic
for growing chil-
dren. They will
like the taste of it
and it will nourish
and invigorate
them. Especially
helpful to nursing
mothers.

TO BE HAD AT ALL
DRUGGISTS' and
GROCERS'.

Prepared by

ANHEUSER-BUSCH BREWING ASS'N, St. Louis, U. S. A.

Send for handsomely illustrated colored booklets and other reading matter.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Supreme Court of Washington, D. C., has awarded to the Anheuser-Busch
Brewing Ass'n the disputed Highest Score of award with Medal and Diploma of the
World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893.

BROADWAY
9th & 10th Sts.
FOURTH AVE. *Hilton, Hughes & Co.* BROADWAY
9th & 10th Sts.
FOURTH AVE.
SUCCESSORS TO A.T. STEWART & CO.

FURNITURE FIELD DAYS

We shall mark this September with twenty-five red
letter days for Furniture buyers.

For months past we have been ransacking the markets of Amer-
ica to get the most tempting things that good taste could choose to
make this month of Furniture selling memorable.

The offerings will include

More than 125 Sorts Bedroom Suits	\$10 to \$500.
More than 100 Sorts Sideboards,	12 to 275.
More than 50 Sorts China Closets,	10 to 220.
More than 25 Sorts Side Tables,	6 to 75.
More than 40 Sorts Extension Tables,	5 to 120.
More than 75 Sorts Dining Chairs,	1 to 40.
More than 85 Sorts Parlor Suits,	18 to 575.
More than 150 Sorts Chiffoniers,	6 to 150.
More than 100 Sorts Book Cases,	5 to 150.
More than 25 Sorts Cheval Glasses,	15 to 125.
More than 200 Sorts Desks,	5 to 500.
More than 300 Sorts Parlor Tables,	1.50 to 200.

OFTEN AT HALF PRICES!

And in that way all along the Furniture line; no weak spots, no
excuses. If you want

Morris Chairs,
Music Cabinets,
Parlor Cabinets,
Fancy Chairs and Rockers,
Iron and Brass Beds,
All-Brass Beds,
Mattresses,

Toilet Tables,
Clothes Poles,
Hat Racks,
Folding Beds,
Wardrobes,
Couches,
Lounges,

or any of the other hundred things that go to make up a complete
Furniture stock, here they are, and priced on the same low basis.



"IT'S A WONDERFUL SIGHT, EH SUSANNE?"

"WON-DER-FUL!"

"I DUNNO HOW IT IS WITH YOU WIMMIN FOLKS, BUT IT MAKES US MEN FEEL AWFUL INSIGGERNIFIKINT!"

THE MOTE IN OUR NEIGHBOR'S EYE.

THE Boston *Herald* delivers an opinion concerning missions to Japan that moves us to both tears and laughter.

Where was the humorous editor when this was written?

The Japanese are like a child that is nearly grown to manhood, and demands to be allowed to take care of himself before he has a head on him sufficient to carry him straight. Neither in theology nor in the principles of ethics are the Japanese in a condition to go alone, and all that they have reached is due to what the missionaries have done for them.

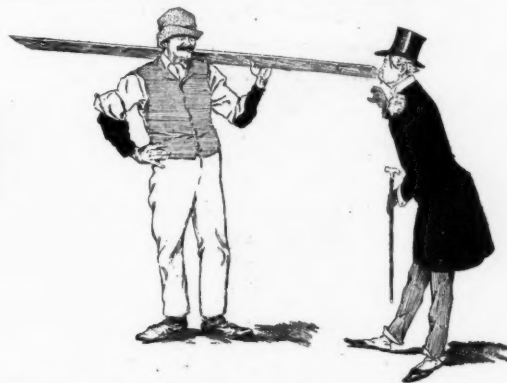
The situation is one of great moment, and must be discussed with unusual courtesy. What the Japanese want is precisely what they are yet unfitted to have granted. They must wait until they come of age before they can take the reins in their own hands. Dr. James L. Barton, who is the chief member of this committee, is a man of great prudence, and it is certain that nothing will be done that will endanger the missions.

Now, there is a very able-bodied and rapidly growing opinion in this country, that if the Japanese sent missionaries to America, much good might be accomplished. Every unprejudiced American who visits Japan seems, at least, to return with that conviction.

If Dr. James L. Barton really has the cause of a better civilization at heart, and holds a serious respect for charity, gentleness and courtesy, he will unpack that valise and engage in some useful occupation nearer home.

THE BLUE POINT'S LAMENT.

"THIRTY days hath September,"
The clam sang on the bar.
The oyster sighed: "If I remember,
It also hath an R."



"MY GOOD MAN, WHERE IS UNION SQUARE?"



"TWO BLOCKS THAT WAY, THEN"



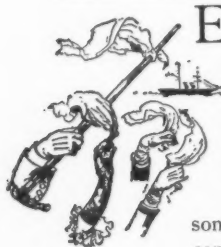
THE SECOND STREET UP."



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXVI. SEPTEMBER 12, 1895. No. 663.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year, extra. Single copies, 10 cents. *Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.*



EUROPEAN travelers are homeward bound, the oyster has got back to town, and the summer girl begins to think about returning. The calendar does not say so, but the truth is that the real commencement of the year is at hand. Nothing begins in January. Bills come in then to be sure, and interest is due in some cases, but everything that has the capacity for motion is in full swing long before New Year's, and rides over that date with a scarcely perceptible jolt as a flying wheel runs over a pebble in the road. In September things really do begin. School opens, and families come home and get ready for it. Houses are hired and nebulous plans for the winter begin to harden into facts. The shadows of the fall elections darken and the vague outlines of the candidates begin to be recognizable. The population of the seashore falls off, and what begins as a defection swells rapidly into a stampede. Hotels in Boston and New York are overrun with travelers; railway trains and steamships are overwhelmed, and baggage men and expressmen work day and night and all day Sunday. The inertia of the dog days oozes away, and the first mild symptoms of energy replace it.



Business that was so sluggish in August begins to be brisker, and presently it will hum. The advertiser begins to be less coy, and the heart of the newspaper proprietor gladdens accordingly. Everybody is beginning the year, except, to be sure, the farmer and the summer-hotel keeper and their myrmidons and dependants.

HERE'S a-hoping that it may be the best of all years; that the summer girl will make up her mind and announce her engagement; that the vacant houses may all be rented to prosperous tenants who can pay their rent; that the shopkeepers may make great sales; that

all the people who went to Europe may eventually find their way back and find new stores of money to spend at home; that the corn crop may find a good market; that the silver question may be forever settled, and the greenbacks retired; and that the gold reserve question may take care of itself; that the autumn football may be humane and civil; that the horse show may be the greatest of all horse shows; that American securities may find favor in British eyes, and that Tammany may be thrashed again in New York. We have turned the corner of a new twelve-month. Prosperous, kind heaven, make us rich and help us to pay our debts, and give us money to spend, and we will try hard to be good. Only make us happy, and we will make a personal matter of being virtuous, and if any Chinaman lays an unfriendly finger on a missionary let him look out for us.

* * *



OUR cousin John Bull has two jobs on hand in the execution of which his relatives here take an interest. One is the regulation of those Chinese who have been killing his missionaries. His interest in that matter is so closely allied to ours that the curious and unusual possibility presents itself of seeing Bull and Brother Jonathan actually join in the accomplishment of a common purpose. There is no more glory to be got out of disciplining the Chinese than out of pounding a lump of dough, but there is justice to be done, and it will be interesting to watch its accomplishment.

Mr. Bull's other job is one in which we have no immediate concern, but which all decent people are stirred up about on general principles of humanity. It is his business to settle with those nasty Turks for their inexpressible abuse of the Armenians. We want to see you tackle that job, Bull, and tackle it in earnest. It is in your line of business and you are under express obligations to attend to it. Don't shirk! Clean out those Kurds! The earth ought to be big enough to hold not them and you at the same time.

* * *

WHETHER the America's Cup is safe or no may be known to the readers of this number of LIFE, but at this writing it is not known. In either event, what we all want is that the better boat may win. If she is ours we shall be delighted, but if she proves to be Valkyrie, Lord Dunraven will be one of the most popular victors that ever climbed into the American eagle's eyrie and plucked a feather out of his tail. If history should repeat itself and this adventurous earl should be licked again, LIFE hopes that he may be licked entirely to his lordship's satisfaction and under such conditions as shall dispose him or some other British yachtman to build and come again.



THE BEST OF REASONS.

"DO YOU REMEMBER, JULIAN, WHY THEY SHOT POOR SAINT SEBASTIAN FULL OF ARROWS?"
 "'CAUSE THEY HADN'T ANY GUN."



"NOT A CROOKED
 HAIR IN HIS HEAD."

A GOOD WORK.

A VERY interesting result of the closing of the New York saloons on Sunday, is the discovery that the retail liquor business in New York has been greatly overdone. Hundreds of saloon keepers will be driven out of business because the profits of six days trade are not sufficient to pay their weekly expenses. Every saloon keeper who depends upon his Sunday trade for his profits is superfluous, and the sooner he goes to work at some new industry the better. If Sunday closing drove half the saloon keepers in New York out of business it would be a great gain to the city. Good for Sunday closing!



BEFORE.

OUR FRESH AIR FUND.

LIFE prays that his readers will not relax their active interest in this charity because the season is drawing to a close. There still remain hundreds of children whose turn has not yet come, and who have seen nothing of the country.

The more money we get the more children we can send, and we trust that many who have been so far disappointed will get their outing after all.

Previously acknowledged, \$4,535 67
Elizabeth M. Masten and
her papa..... 3 25
Proceeds of lemonade sale
on Woodmere lawn, by
Janet Welch, Annie
Eldredge, Flora Golder
and Philip H. Welch.. 7 25
Mrs. W. W. M..... 5 00
Eleanor and Marie Louise,
L. C..... 25 00
Richfield Springs..... 15 00
Louis Tabbykins..... 5 00
W. Smith..... 3 00
N. W. Gifford..... 3 00
Russell Robbins..... 3 00
Proceeds of tableaux given
by the ladies of York
Harbor, Me..... 122 00

J. C. C..... \$15 00
M. L. R..... 12 00
Ralph Brandreth, Jr., Jack
Brandreth, Kellogg
Myers, Guy Brandreth,
Pauline Brandreth..... 6 00
Miss Aycrigg..... 3 00
Mrs. Newcomb..... 6 00
Books..... 3 00
Bertha..... 3 00
Potsy..... 3 00
John E. Burgess..... 1 00
B. H. K..... 5 00
M. P..... 9 00
M. W. S..... 2 00
New London..... 25 00
Beans..... 3 00
B. H. W..... 1 00
\$4,829 17

Our thanks to Master R. D. T. for one package of rice received at LIFE's Farm.

CUSTOMER: What has become of your assistant?

BARBER: Started for himself. He is tired of working by the day, I suppose.

CUSTOMER: I thought you paid him so much a thousand words.



"Do I look like a aristocrack?"
"No! But yer carries yerself
like a queen!"

"LAST night I dreamed that I died. What do you suppose waked me up?"
"Was it the heat?"

A QUESTION OF CANDOR.

THE San Francisco *News-Letter* was recently wise enough to say:

"It will not be denied by any candid journalist that much is published by our papers for which there is no public craving, and which add nothing whatever to public knowledge or information."

The saddest part of all this is that the "candid" journalist referred to is usually employed by some paper that is doing its best to pollute the public mind, and is compelled to write much of the filth himself. Not because he likes it, as he will "candidly" admit, but because he has to "make a living."

HARD.

SOME joys of life make me most sad,
When I think of how I miss 'em,
The girls I want to kiss are those
Who don't want me to kiss 'em.

THERE'S MONEY IN IT.

THE business-like methods of modern journalism are rapidly being reduced to a system.

LIFE is now credibly informed that at least two of the dramatic critics on New York daily papers receive no pay for their services, being compelled, like some waiters in the high-class restaurants, "to hustle for themselves." In other words, they use the columns of the journals who employ them to advertise dramatic talent so-called, and according to the value of such advertising are they enabled to eke out a respectable living. Thus whole families are supported and the wolf is kept away from the door. On the other hand, no harm is done to the reader of average intelligence, who, when he does read the dramatic column, knows that if it is not bought it is written from such a technical point of view that it is entirely beyond him. But if he really desires to know whether a play is worth seeing, he does not read the dramatic column at all, but asks the opinion of some friend who has seen it, and if his friend has no notion of "art for art's sake," but looks at the play from the vulgar standpoint of public opinion, he is likely to find out if it is worth seeing.



PICTORIAL WHIST.
A SHORT SUIT.

THE IMPRESSIONIST AND THE WIDOWED LADY—III.

"WELL, you see I've come!" I said as I entered.

"Yes, so I perceive," she replied, with a very conventional smile. "Won't you sit down."

"Really," I answered, feeling a little chilled by this reception; "really I expected a somewhat different greeting than simply to be asked to sit down."

"Oh, well, then," she smiled, "stand."

"I refer to your manners," I argued, "but you ask me to sit down, as if I were an ordinary visitor, and only expected to stay a few minutes."

"And how long do you intend to remain?" This was a poser.

"I only ask," she continued, "because I shall beg you to stay it—three hours, four hours, or whatever it may be!"

"Suppose it were not three hours, or four hours—suppose I had come to stay forever!"

"Oh, in that case," and she laughed, "I certainly wouldn't ask you to sit down!"

"What would you do?"

"What *would* I do! I think I should call in the police! Because really you know I couldn't have you staying here always. What would my sister-in-law say!"

"Am I to take that seriously?"

"As seriously as I take you."

"But I want you to," I pleaded.

"Want me to what? Do you know," she added quickly before I could answer her, "that I think you are a horrid pessimist."

"You're awfully good," I said, rather taken aback, and wondering into which pocket I should put my gloves. "But I'm afraid I can't live up to your opinion," and I deposited the little wad of suede in the last place I should think of looking for it on leaving.

"Why?" she asked.

"You tell me why you made the remark first. *Pease aux dames!*" I answered.

"Not in 1895," she laughed, "except when

they grab it and stick there! No, explain to me first and afterward I will tell you." Of course she didn't, but I did. However, I can't say she seemed persuaded particularly.

I remembered her violets, which this time I had left for safety in the hall, and brought them into her.

"How nice of you to have thought of them," she said. "I shouldn't have."

"I don't believe you," I answered.

"You see you are a pessimist," she laughed.

"I shall wear these to the private view of the Fine Arts Society this afternoon."

"Are you going?" The note of disappointment in my voice was quite childish.

"Not till late? But aren't you going?"

"Oh, yes, *late*," and I smiled at her, so that she was obliged to lift the violets to her face, and played hide-and-go-seek with my adoring admiration.

"You must explain all the pictures. How many have you in the exhibition?"

"Three." I would have given anything to change the conversation, but couldn't see any way to.

"All portraits of ladies?" she asked with a horrid little smile, lifting her eyebrows.

"No, only two."

"Oh, *only* two! Mrs. Van Tinkleton, and —?"

"Mrs. Pankgor—I finished her yesterday."

"In how many sittings did you finish Mrs. Pankgor?"

"In six."

"How many of these six did it take for Mrs. Pankgor to finish you?"

"I am not yet finished by Mrs. Pankgor!"

"Oh, then I suppose there will be more sittings."

"I thought we were not going to discuss Mrs. Pankgor any more."

"I can't help it! I can't resist the temptation, you are so deliciously easy to tease!"

"But is it fair to Mrs. Pankgor?"

"Oh, yes! *She'd* be delighted to have her

name connected with any one's, and besides it would flatter her to death to think I am jealous of her."

"Are you?"

"Yes, I am."

"Mrs. Turnbull —" I began, passionately.

"Because she can afford to go to a much better dressmaker's than I can."

"That's ridiculous!" I said, angry at her turning the conversation in that way.

"Not at all. She's a splendid lay figure. You know how conspicuous she always makes herself, so she gets her gowns at half price in consideration of the advertisement she gives!"

"I don't follow you very well," I murmured.

"Oh, of course, men are never sympathetic about women's dress!"

The cool little maid entered.

"The brougham is at the door, madam."

We rose.

"To go to the exhibition," Mrs. Turnbull said. "I must get ready; it won't take me five minutes; will you wait for me?"

"I will wait for you, so long as I live."

"We may take long, but not a man's lifetime, to put on our hat and gloves."

"It may seem a life-time to the man. But it wasn't for that I meant I will wait."

"No?"

"No."

"You are tremendously fascinating! I don't wonder all the women want you to paint them!"

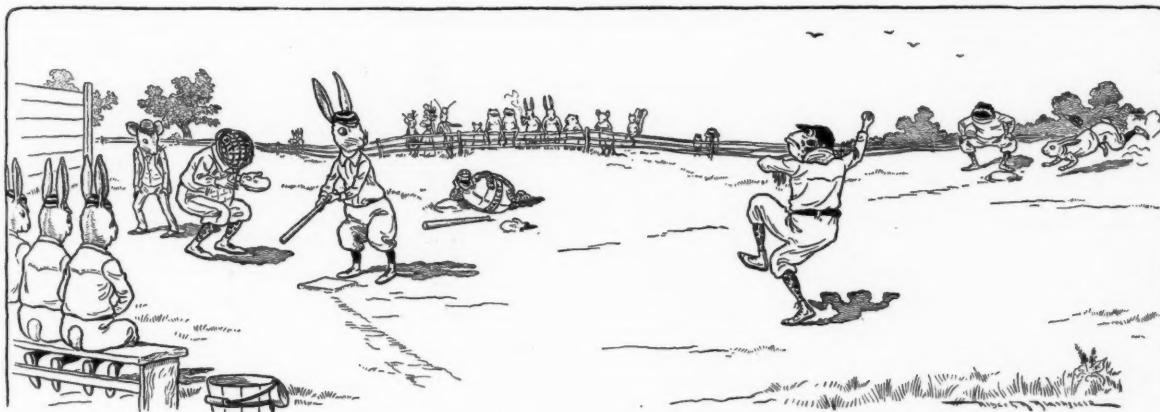
"You are making fun of me," I said, feeling very uncomfortable.

"Not at all"—she moved toward the hall—"and in five minutes I'll be yours—for the rest of the afternoon."

"No longer?" I cried as she passed through the curtains.

"I lunch alone to-morrow at one. My sister-in-law has the grip, thank goodness!—I mean I'm sorry to say!" And I heard her humming "You can't play in our yard" as she mounted the stairs.

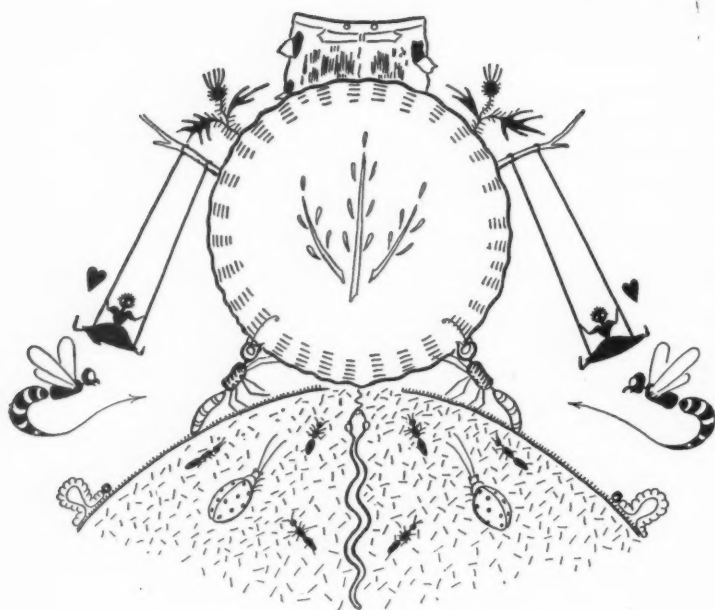
Clyde Fitch.



AN ANXIOUS MOMENT.







A PICNIC POSTER.

FROM A SKETCH FOUND IN A MADHOUSE.

A MATHEMATICAL PARADOX.

FAIR Phyllis, by the summer sea,
Quite scorns the simple "rule of three."
Three swains has she, who blindly run,
Obedient to the rule of one.

WHAT'S IN A TITLE?



IN the account of a very costly ball recently given at Newport by a Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, we see that

The young Duke of Marlborough was surprised, and he said that he had never seen anything to equal it in England. His grace did not "cut much ice." In fact, he kept himself in the background, despite the efforts of Mrs. Vanderbilt to push him to the front.

LIFE finds it difficult to believe that a retiring, domestic woman like Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt tried "to push him to the front."

But another paragraph in the same article may throw some light on it.

The Duke of Marlborough danced rather poorly with Miss Vanderbilt and Miss Grace Wilson, sister of Mrs. Ogden Goelet, but he was the hero of the night. He is far from being a graceful dancer. The fact is, he was overpowered by the wealth, beauty and fine gowns of the prettiest and richest women in America.

Can it be that the hostess was ashamed of his dancing? We incline to the opinion that a badly dancing duke would be a more soul-stirring spectacle to the class of Americans there assembled than the most graceful republican citizen. But if a duke cannot dance what can he do? There must be long lapses of leisure between the

hours of duking, and what does he do in them? Can he carpenter, or plumb, or ride a bicycle? He certainly eats, drinks and wears clothes but even Americans can do that.

This being "overpowered by the wealth," etc., we can understand. There is no mystery about that. We are a great people, don'tcher-know, and when it comes to a competition in vulgarity between the American newspaper and the American smart set it is difficult to award the prize.

NOTICE TO IDIOTS.

WHENEVER you see a dog pant in hot weather or act strangely, kill it. If possible collect a crowd of other idiots and stone it to death; or treat it in such a way that it bites you in self-defence. Then you are sure it is mad. The dog, of course, is not mad, and is, as a rule, by far the most intelligent actor in scenes of this description.

To one case of hydrophobia there are thousands of human idiots whose good luck it is that the dogs possess wiser instincts than themselves.



"FOLLOWING IT UP."



Ward Winchen 2.3.74

Comment by Referee: YOUSE FELLEYS MAKES ME TIRED. THIS AIN'T NO WALTZ QUADRILLE, AND I AIN'T CALLIN' NO FANCY FIGURES NEITHER. IF YOU DON'T FIGHT SQUARER I'LL CHEW BOTH OF YE."



"HI! WHAT'S ALL THIS ROW OUT HERE? WHAT ARE YOU FIGHTING ABOUT AND WHO ARE YOU?"

"I AM A NEW YORK *Werald* REPORTER."

"I AM A NEW YORK *Horld* REPORTER."

Both: I WAS THE FIRST ONE TO REACH THIS SPOT.

"GOOD. I HAVE A PLACE ESPECIALLY PREPARED FOR YOU FELLOWS."

Y^e POWER OF MUSICK.

WHEN Polly deigns to Sing
and Playe
My Hearte doth dance a Rounde-
laye.

So soft Her touche uponne ye
Keyes,
Ye waye she threads with tuneful
ease.

Her Fingers trippe an Elfin dance
Like little Fayes inne gaie Ro-
mance;

Whyle dympled Elbowes from Her
Sleeves
Peepe out as daintylie She weaves

A Melodic, whose Echo seemes
Ye subtil sorcerie of Dreames.

I know nott by what Wizard arte
Ye Magick slippes intoe ye
Hearte.

Harold Van Santvoord.

HIS ONE FEAR.

MERRITT: Under the
circumstances, why don't
you go West and get a divorce?

COBWIGGER: Because, if I
had a divorce, I might be fool
enough to marry again.



"MUCH CRY AND LITTLE WOOL."

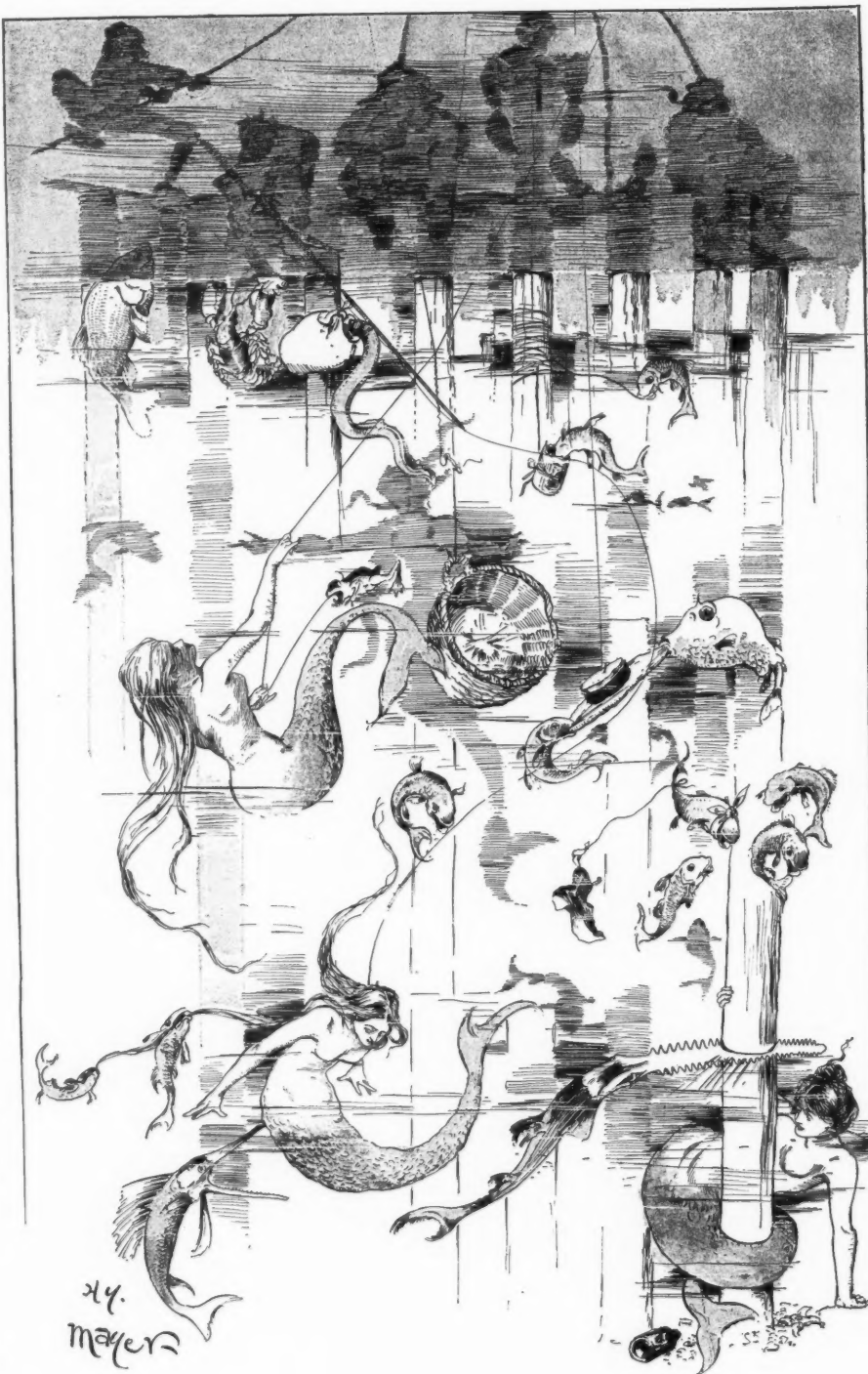
GREATER DEPTHS.

HE: And did he tell you
he saved me from a
watery grave?

SHE: He said he saved you
from a worse place than that.

MRS. NORRIS: What a
pace old Dr. Green
drives at.

MR. NORRIS: Ah, yes; "the
pace that kills."



DOINGS IN THE DEEP.



MRS. EMILY T. V. SLOANE, mother of the young lady whose wedding brought the plutocrats of the country together the other day, is very charitably inclined. She determined some time last week to send a package of clothes to the poor fund of Dr. John Hall's Fifth Avenue Presbyterian parish. Accordingly she had the garments done up in a nice bundle and was arranging the finalities of the transaction with one of her servants when her brother, Cornelius Vanderbilt, arrived at the house and sent word that he must see her at once.

"Can't you wait a moment?" she asked. "I am anxious to send this bundle down to Dr. Hall's church."

"Oh," replied Cornelius Vanderbilt, "I am going right by the church on my way down. Give me your bundle, and I will let the sexton have it."

Mrs. Sloane was very grateful for this kind offer, and it is in every way characteristic of the man of millions, who is never so happy as when an opportunity to be useful presents itself. So down Fifth Avenue walked brother Cornelius, bundle in arm, and when he reached the church he found the sexton there. The latter received the object thankfully, with many words of appreciation of the kindness of the great lady who had remembered the needs of the church.

Not many days after this Mrs. Sloane herself, on coming out of church amid a fashionable concourse, happened to espy the sexton.

"John," said she, "did you get that bundle I sent you the other day?"

"Yes'm," was the cheerful reply; "your coachman brought it Tuesday, mum."—*Ex.*

AMOS J. CUMMINGS was recently invited to join a party bound for a small lake swarming with large fish. "You will make six, and that is the exact party we want." "That's all very fine," retorted Cummings; "but you will find that some of the six will really want to go fishing, and break up the game."—*Vanity.*

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris; Saabach's News Exchange, 1 Clarastrasse, Mayence, Germany, Agents for Germany, Austria and Switzerland.

IVORY SOAP

There is a "comfortable feeling" that comes after a bath with Ivory Soap.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CHICAGO.

Johannis

"King of Natural Table Waters."

Is Conceded to be the Finest Table Water ever Imported.

Bottled at the Johannis Spring—Zollhaus, Germany.

ERNEST GOGORZA, 50 Broad Street, N. Y., Managing Agent in United States and Canada for Johannis Ltd., London.

There are two classes of bicycles—

COLUMBIAS

and others



Columbias sell for \$100 to everyone alike, and are the finest bicycles the world produces. Other bicycles sell for less, but they are not Columbias.

POPE MFG. CO., HARTFORD, CONN.

You See Them Everywhere

"NORA," said Mrs. Knervz, when the maid answered the ring of her mistress, "Nora I will feed the canary myself after this. The doctor says I must take more exercise."—*Boston Home Journal.*

Beauty is brightened by the continuous use of the great complexion purifier
S-A-N-A-D-O-R Skin Soap.

HE: Arctic explorers are the safest men in the world to trust yourself to.

SHE: Why so?

HE: They are always cool in the time of greatest danger.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

THE HALCYON

(FORMERLY HALCYON HALL)

Millbrook, Dutchess Co., N. Y.



Built, furnished and conducted more as a magnificent English country house than hotel. Has no equal anywhere in quiet elegance or natural location. Elevation 1,000 feet. Unique in design, ideal in management (new this season), perfect cuisine, beautiful drives, charming country with scenery like rural England. Rates reduced to \$4 per day and upwards. Special by the season. 2½ hours from Grand Central Station, N. Y. Particulars of H. R. ROBERTSON, JR., Proprietor. Special Parlor Car to hotel leaves N. Y. on 3:45 P. M. train, Fridays and Saturdays. Hotel will remain open until Election Day.

Chocolat Suchard.



ESTABLISHED
1826.

NEUCHÂTEL,
SWITZERLAND.

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COMPOSITORS are supposed to be able to decipher all kinds of handwriting, even that of editors and ministers. On this point Mr. Robert Clark, the Edinburgh printer, used to tell a story:

Prof. Lindsay Alexander came into our office one Friday with the manuscript of a sermon.

"You must let me have proofs of this to-morrow," he said.

I told him the time was too short. He must give us a few days longer.

"No," he said. "I must preach this sermon to-morrow. It is a special sermon. I wrote it ten years ago, and now I can't make out a word of it."—*Ex.*

A PROVINCIAL paper concluded an account of a local wedding with the following surprising announcement:

"The bridegroom's present to the bride was a handsome diamond brooch, besides many other beautiful things in cut glass."

WHEN an eighteen-year-old girl says her mother won't let her accept an invitation to a party, it is certain that the wrong person has asked her to go.—*Atchison Globe.*



A MOMENT OF ANXIETY.

"WILL HE DEWOUR US, JIMMY?"

"I DUNNO. HE TAKES THE CHRISTMAS TURKEY I GOT INSIDE O' ME FOR QUAIL, AN' YOU NEVER CAN TELL WOT A GAME DOG WILL DO."

SOME people can set up in business on a very small capital. One morning little Susie Green called at Mrs. Brown's door.

"Say, Mrs. Brown," she said, "ma wants to know if she could borrow a dozen eggs? She wants to set 'em under a hen."

"So you've got a hen that you're setting, have you?" said Mrs. Brown. "I didn't know you kept hens."

"No'm, we don't; but Mrs. Smith's going to lend us a hen that wants to set, and ma thought that if you'd lend us some eggs we'd find a nest ourselves."—*Youth's Companion.*

"Yes, daughter is getting along in her music so well that we are thinking of sending her to some institute."

"I heard one of the neighbors say that she ought to be sent to an institution of some kind."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

FRANKIE: I don't like Miss Tender, our new school teacher.

PARENT: Why not?

FRANKIE: 'Cuz she talks to us 'stid of lickin' us.—*Boston Courier.*

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When you bathe the baby use

S-A-N-A-D-O-R Skin Soap.

"AND finally," said the retired business man to his
nephew, who was just entering on business life,
"don't be too prompt in keeping your engagements. If
you are always there sharp on the moment, you will
waste a lot of time waiting for the other fellow."—
Somerville Journal.

HAMES (the politician): Here's a pretty mess.
I've been invited to prepare a speech on the financial
question for the residents of my district.

TILLS: Well, why don't you go ahead and pre-
pare it?

HAMES: I can't. My private secretary says he
doesn't know anything about the subject.—*Chicago*
Record.

A soft and velvety skin and a clear healthy com-
plexion follow the use of

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In Chinese social life there is no woman's world.
When a certain American Minister at Peking insisted
on congratulating the grantees of the foreign office
upon the marriage of an honored Chinese envoy to an
American lady, the only result was a silence that
reminded one of the North Pole. Then after pro-
longed terror and stupor, Prince Kung remarked:
"It is very hot to-day."—*Argonaut.*

The little Boston boy was so plainly puffed up with
juvenile vanity that the visitor noticed it.

"Robert seems unusually proud to-day," she said.

"Yes," the fond mother answered, "he has on his
first pair of spectacles."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

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was old enough
to know better
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cheap wool braid
on her skirt, next
time she'll see
that the
bolt is

marked

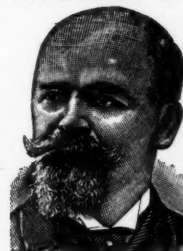
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